

## Why Girls Go Wrong

(By Jason Kep.)  
Why do so many young girls go wrong? Who is to blame? What is the remedy?

You can find these questions in almost every church paper you pick up. These papers accuse about everybody on earth, except the real honest to goodness culprits.

I will tell you a little story, a true tale, and perhaps you can place the blame for a large percentage of the why.

About two years ago a young girl from the country came to work at a hotel in one of the towns on my territory. She was a quiet ladylike pretty little girl and a church member. She was a good girl. She had brought her church letter and a nice letter from the pastor of her church. She joined a church in the town. She received the glad hand that Sunday and was just bubbling over with happiness. She was so full of it that she had to tell me all about it at supper while she waited on me.

About eight months later I was sitting in the lobby of the hotel reading my mail at 11:30 (train got in late) when in came this girl as flip as they make them. You could see she was hitting the pace. I was astonished and the next morning had the head waiter take me to her table.

I told her I saw she was hitting the pace and that it was only a matter of time until she would be down and out, the same old story. I asked for an explanation, that only a few months ago she had joined the church and seemed so happy and contented. Then she told me her story.

"Well, you remember the Sunday I joined the church here, I told you all about it. A lot of them shook hands

with me and seemed so friendly that I was just happy and looked forward to a pleasant sojourn in the town. I could hardly wait until I could get off duty to write to my people all about it. You see I was only a green young country girl and not used to the ways of the world. In the country where I lived we were all friends and it made no difference if one had to work.

The next Sunday three of the church members bowed to me and the preacher said he was glad to see me out. In Sunday school it was just about the same.

"Well, this run along about three or four months. I went to church regularly, sometimes a few would notice me on the street. I was homesick and lonesome. I would have liked to go home but we needed the money and must work. Now sitting around in my room night after night—well you can imagine how it was.

"A bunch of the girls were going out with their fellows to dances and other places and having a good time. They kept asking me to go along with them and at last I decided that anything was better than sitting around alone in my room.

"I went with them. I soon discovered that it was a pretty wild bunch and my conscience hurt a little, but they were friendly and good hearted—and well, I don't much care now what becomes of me. I'll tell you this—I'd rather go to hell with a lot of friends than go to heaven with a lot of high brow, marble headed society dames, who are so refined and inflated with their money and holiness that it is beneath their dignity to befriend a poor little country girl who

comes to their city to earn an honest living and who wants to be good." I do hope the Lord will make allowance for my state of mind. I am not naturally a profane man, but I would have given four dollars to have been outside to get what I wanted to say out of my system. I am sure I could have taken at least three gold medals. I did a lot of thinking in a mighty short time, and at last I said:

"You have been abused, little girl, by a lot of hyenas who unfortunately pose and to a certain extent get away with the stunt, of representing themselves to be God's people. But I want to tell you this. I would rather take your chances just as it stands than theirs on that last great day when the books are opened by a Judge who can't be flimflammed."

Mary Magdalene and the thief on the cross made good, but I have never found any place in the Bible where the hypocrite took any prizes.

I want to have another talk with you and I think we can find a way out. I will see you sure before I leave. I called about a dozen of the traveling men together in the writing room and we went into executive session. I told them the pitiful story of this little country girl and then said "gentlemen it is up to us to save this girl, how about it?"

Traveling men do not pose as saints, but you can bank on it they are all hypocrites. They raised a purse (no penny in the slot collection you bet). Then one of the boys said, "I know a town where there are a few honest to goodness Christian women. I'll go there today, find a place for her and see that bunch of women and then come and get her. You arrange with her to cut loose and go."

Well she is nicely situated, befriended and looked after by that little band of Godly women.

If you cannot place the blame for why girls go wrong and why so many do not go to church, you are very dense.

The priest and Levite took a look and then passed down on the other side of the man who fell among thieves on the road from Jericho to Jerusalem. The priest and Levite were the high brow, proud society church members of that day, while the traveling man, the Good Samaritan, bound up his wounds, took him to the hotel and told the hotel man to take good care of him and he would pay him on his next trip.

Now what church was it? Are you sure it wasn't yours? Couldn't it happen pretty easily in your church. Honest to goodness, are you doing anything toward helping in the Master's cause, except singing "Praise God from Whom All Blessing Flow" and "Jesus Paid It All?"

I hope I have jarred you, I tried to. You see, sometimes it takes quite a shock to wake us up and make us think.

## BUCKHANNON HAPPENINGS CHRONICLED

Happenings of the Week in Upshur County Recorded by a Correspondent.

BUCKHANNON, Feb. 19.—A good gas well was drilled in last week by the successors to the Buckhannon Relief Oil and Gas Company, on their location on stone coal. Information reached here to the effect that the production of this well will be larger than all the other wells combined. Another well is to be started at once in the same field.

Attorney E. G. Rider, of Sutton, Republican candidate for attorney general of this state, was in town Friday.

The Rev. Henry Martin, of Philippi, was in town Friday.

The wooden floor in the Peoples' Bank has been replaced with tile.

Ralph Ely, lumber dealer, is in town on business.

C. S. Holden, real estate dealer of this city, was in Clarksburg Saturday on business.

Mrs. Mary Heaton is the guest of her brother, Dr. J. M. King, of Wellsville, O.

Mrs. O. S. Tabbot is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Nellie Albright Downs, at Morgantown.

Mrs. Alp Walker, of Sutton, is a guest of her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Kiddy.

Mrs. Howard Birthy, of Cowen, spent Sunday here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Hyre.

Miss Maynard Downes, who is with the Anti-Tuberculosis Association of Wisconsin, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. N. Downes.

Gordon Burr spent Sunday and Monday in Clarksburg.

Hugh Warden, who is managing Judge Robinson's campaign, was in town Tuesday.

Mrs. John Neff and children are visiting her brother at Thomas.

Mrs. P. B. Phiney and baby, of Grafton, who have been guests of the former's father, Foster Hinkle, have returned home.

Mrs. C. M. Bishop, who has been a guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Bishop, of this city, has returned to her home at Sutton.

Louis N. Hart and wife, of Pueblo, Col., stopped in Buckhannon last Friday on their return from a month's visit in New York City.

The Rev. F. H. J. King is visiting his son, Dr. King, at Wellsville, O.

Dr. E. B. Alkire and Oscar Mearns left Saturday for Winter Haven, Fla.,

## Patriotism

The following paper on "Patriotism" was read by Miss Virginia Snyder at a recent meeting of the Civic Club.

In these days of war and bloodshed of extermination of armies and slinking of battalions, of strategy and militarism, of fighting and death, when across the seas every man arises to the call of his country to fight on his life blood for her cause in cruelty, blackness and death. We naturally turn an introspective view upon our feeling for our own America and every man, woman and child clasps hands as the thrill of patriotism arises in their breasts and leaves them tingling with desire to do something worth while for their own native land.

What is this thrill of patriotism? This love of country and loyalty to its life—love, tender and strong; loyal, generous and disinterested, shrinking from no sacrifice, seeking no reward save our country's honor and the country's welfare. This leads to the question of "what is our country?" What is love of country. It is simply our vast extent of land, of rich plains and towering mountains, lonely foothills and rushing rivers—the magnificent scenery of the Rockies, the splendor of our peaks and canyons, the grandeur of our Niagara, or the tropical beauty of Florida? The wealth that lies buried in our mountains or the millions received from our crops? But we shake our heads. No it can't be the beauty of our America in which we have combined a little of the scenery of the whole world or in the overpowering store of natural resources, in which is embodied our love of country, for that spark of love was there brightly glowing in the colonial days and the successes of the Revolution depended upon it. Then long before much of the land which discloses the beauty of our country had been added and the wealth that the old hills and mountains have given us was yet buried in their hearts.

The land has been rapidly developed. Enterprises of every description have grown up in our midst. Business has become almost overpowering. Commerce has played its great part. Our trading vessels now sail into every port. Capital and labor wages its great battles. Learning has advanced to the highest stages of any place in the universe. Science has raised us to a marked place in the progress of civilization and art and literature have made us as a whole a cultured nation. But to what, we ask, is this great advance, this marvelous growth, due? And the question is still open. What makes up our country, what arouses in us this thrill of patriotism? And then the answer flashes quickly before us: It is her people. Our forefathers it was who landed on these rocky coasts, fought and struggled through their pioneer days, cultivating all that they had until they gained sufficient strength to throw off the yoke of the tyrant and make for us under the stars and stripes a republic—a country with the freest government on the face of the earth, whose strength lies in patriotism. And this country is most thoroughly represented by the sacrifices of our Revolutionary fathers, the struggles of our army and the valor of our citizens in the wars of the republic, the achievements of Washington and the martyrdom of Lincoln.

When we concede that it is of the people, for the people, by the people, that our great country is made, then we come back to the fact that it is love and loyalty to the American that composes our patriotism. And it is upon that fire of patriotism, that this great free nation depends for its strength and progress. A fire to temper and mold it is as well as to send into a flame in the rush of the conflagration of battle. The Revolution and the Civil War proved great tests, and showed the loyalty and sacrifice of our people, ready to die at their country's call for the causes of a free people and a united people. War was necessary then and it was a true patriotic flame that was set glowing in the hearts of those heroes who died to give their people what was their greatest need. Wars that can bring no great good to their people lack the true fire that inspires a patriotic nation. So here can no longer be the fear of the death of patriotism, in the times of peace, true patriotism does not require the martial music and marching feet combined with the roll of battle and the cry of death to keep it awake. It is the soul of the nation sensitive to every heart throb of happiness or despair of the country's people.

The safety of the republic lies in the vigilant, active patriotism of the American people. So in these days of rapid progress, it is necessary that every one be busy at the two fold task of freeing the country of menace of forces which are dangerous to patriotism of its people, and of building up and strengthening those forces that will nourish the low burning flame and fan it back to a bright and healthy glow.

The work naturally starts with the childhood of the race. Every effort should be put forth to help in the line of eugenics so that our race may be a strong and healthy one. To grow strong might be their motto. And to attain strength and soundness of body the children must be cared for, the enormous death rate of infants in our cities checked by proper care and instruction, diet kitchens and free nurseries are almost necessities. Playgrounds should be furnished so that the natural activities of the child might be trained into paths that lead to strong manhood and womanhood, and the true place in the great social system perfectly, a round cog for a round hole.

Our people have already gone far in blotting out the danger of ignorance by the great compulsory school system. When the health and intelligence of a people have been cared for

we have gone a long way in making the proper environment for patriotism. But with a healthy and intelligent people there is yet much to be overcome before the peace and happiness of a contented system of society may be obtained.

The plea for the great fight for a strong nation does not mean that we agree with Nutche that only the fittest should survive, at the loss of the weak. The strong and capable must give the necessary assistance that will make the weak strong so that the nation stands as a whole, firm and undivisible. The helping hand may be extended along any of the lines of true philanthropy for raising the dependent to a place of independence and eliminating the pauper to the careful supervision of defectives and delinquents. Not to allow the standards of our country to be lower and our vitality sapped by the open sore of pauperism, insanity, idiocy and crime, but to cure it by concentrated effort and perfected methods.

When we have freed ourselves of these evils we have done away with a great part of the discontent which is the greatest breeder of anarchy and positive death to patriotism. This discontent takes rise to a great extent, among the laboring classes in the great struggle between capital and labor where the efforts of the working man have brought him no gain while the capitalist enjoys profits and men come to believe that the social scale is set wrong and all the powers are against him. Here is the biggest problem of our times. The reformers and the public spirited men are putting their greatest efforts to the task of making a short cut across that long and weary road which we must travel in order to attain that state of society where we have real and not merely nominal freedom to pursue the best; a society in which men shall work together for common purposes and in which wholesome cooperation shall take place largely through government, but through a government which has become less repressive and has developed its protective side. Where great national undertakings will be the property of the nation and managed by the nation through agents who appreciate the glory of true public service. A society in which education, art and literature shall be fostered by the nation and in which federal government, commonwealth, local community and individual citizens shall heartily cooperate for the advancement of civilization. Success will then be the result of genuine merit, great fortunes will be discouraged, measures designed to increase the number enjoying a competence and the reduction to its lowest terms of the chance element in the economic sphere will be promoted. A society that re-adjusts taxation for social purposes and will, by taxation of bequests and inheritances and unearned incomes, more nearly equalize opportunities.

Please do not mistake me to be advocating Socialism, for I am not. In this social democracy individuals are thought of as working not merely in the service of the government, but outside of the government in material production, owning land and capital, yet with the individual element duly subordinated to the social and without the power to coerce communities and reduce men by the thousands to degrading dependence. Perhaps this may be thought theoretical and impossible at this day, but if we are to attain success along the line of maintaining a nation of contented people, a nation whose soul is alive, we must place our ideals high if we intend to make a mark toward the attainment of a people who are not living for self alone but for their country, their people—a society of men loving truth continually progressing in goodness and surrounded by an expanding beauty of a subjugated nation. When a contented nation is attained, it is still left for individual effort to exterminate the menace of bad morals before which patriotism flees. A people without good morals is incapable of self government. At the base of the proper exercise of suffrage lies selfishness and the spirit of sacrifice. A corrupt man is selfish; an appeal to duty finds no response in his conscience; he is incapable of high mindedness and generous acts which are the elements of patriotism. He is ready to sell his country for money or pleasure. Patriotism takes alarm at the spread of intemperance, dishonesty, perjury. For the country's sake it should arm against those dire evils of all the country's forces, its legislatures, its courts and above all public opinion.

Materialism and denial of a living supreme God annihilate conscience and break down barriers to sensuality. They sow broadcast seeds of moral decay. They are fatal to liberty and social order.

We have a great country, a great people with a history behind us of mighty deeds and great heroes but in order to keep the flame burning clear and bright there is great work to be done, though as yet we have not the force of the ballot to put behind our views. The fields of social work are all open and without the assistance of the fit there may some day be a smoldering and dying of this great spirit of the nation, the great God given gift of patriotism.

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BOTH PHONES

## Bantam Cock, "Houn' Dog" and Cat Three Best "Pards" in the World

"Brownie" Rescued by "Jim," When Former Was Dying in the Rain.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 19.—When Brownie was picked up in the street he didn't have a feather to his back. It was a rainy night, the kind that makes the world look blue and heartless. Brownie struggled through the heavy downpour gasping for breath. His tiny feet sank deeper into the mud with each step. Then he collapsed. Just as the last spark of life was struggling within his little body, Jim, just a plain "houn' dawg" who had been watching Brownie with much curiosity, darted after him. Jim picked Brownie up tenderly in his mouth and carried him into the kitchen.

**Split Food "Fifty-Fifty."**  
The little chick shook himself and snuggled up close to the kitchen range. Fuzzy, the cat, jumped from her chair and started at Brownie. But Jim gave a bark, which clearly said, "Leave him alone; he's down and out." Such is the prologue.

Two years later: Brownie has grown into a dignified little bantam rooster. He is lord of all he surveys at the home of his owner, Mrs. Rebecca Greenburg. One can detect an air of superiority as he walks about with majestic mien. But there is a reason for his attitude. Despite his lordly manner, Brownie, Jim and Fuzzy are true "pards."

**"Brownie" an Alarm Clock.**  
Brownie knows that he owes his life to Jim and Fuzzy both. They proved to be real foster parents, and shared every crumb with true hospitality when life was uncertain in the little rooster's early career. If there is such a thing as three partners working on the "fifty-fifty" basis, these loyal chums can be counted on to do it.

Incidentally Brownie has proved that he is grateful. When a customer enters the cigar store conducted by Mrs. Greenburg Brownie crows, for there is no bell on the door. The woman knows the signal, and drops her work in the kitchen to attend to business in the store. Furthermore, Brownie knows that the "boss" of the house must awaken every morning at 6 o'clock. Promptly at that time he crows awakens the household, and if any person is tardy on a cold winter morning Brownie is around pecking at the bedclothes. No watchman could be more faithful.

The little bantam is the favorite pet of the four Greenburg children, Ida, Yetta, Ladore and Able.

**Had to Take "Fuzzy" Back.**  
They take turns taking him to bed, and Brownie enjoys his rest under the blankets as well as any man who has done a hard day's work.

At meal time he has his regular place at the table. It is moved close to the window sill, where the rooster perches and picks his food from a big family plate. He has a rather miscellaneous appetite, and eats most everything which is placed before him.

The Greenburg family lived on the south side when Brownie came into their lives. When they moved Fuzzy, the cat, was left with a neighbor. But Jim and Brownie were so depressed by the loss of their partner that Mrs. Greenburg had to go and bring Fuzzy back.

## NEWS OF RITCHIE COUNTY IS TOLD

Sunday Telegram's Correspondent at Ellenboro Writes an Interesting Letter.

ELLENBORO, Feb. 19.—Emmett H. DeLancy, the well known signal target employee of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, will open a general store in the S. D. Riley building on Water street now owned by Mrs. Alice McGinnis, about March 1.

William McIntosh, oil well driller of this place, and his brother-in-law, John Walton, of Market, Doddridge county, will leave for Oklahoma soon, where they contemplate locating, and will either work in the oil fields or take up some government land, which is to soon be thrown open for settlement. After they become settled, Mr. McIntosh will remove his family from Ellenboro.

A shortage of gas has caused industrial plants throughout this section caused considerable inconvenience this week; all the glass plants at Pennsboro were compelled to suspend

operations. Superintendent Ernest Williamson, of the Hope Gas Company, visited Pennsboro Wednesday and arrangements were made to have the Hope company supply any shortage in the future, the factories at Pennsboro having depended on a supply from their own and local wells heretofore.

G. N. Fitzwater, the Main street news dealer, will move into the dwelling in the west end lately vacated by Thomas Primm.

Miss Vleeva Patton, teacher of the primary room in the Ellenboro public school, is ill this week and her sister, Miss Mildred Patton, of Harrisville, is teaching in her place.

Miss Nelle Cook, one of Ellenboro's fairest daughters, has returned from a pleasant visit at Wheeling, where she was a guest of her uncle, Joseph Wells.

It is reported that one of the town's prominent physicians contemplates disposing of his practice here to locate in Fairmont.

Will A. Strickler, staunch Democrat, and famous all over the state as a fair association and Democratic convention secretary, attended the meeting of the Democratic state committee at Parkersburg this week.

Representatives of the First National Bank of Parkersburg have been making a canvass of the town this week in the interest of their new savings department, recently added to their business.

The following indictments were returned true bills at the February term of the Ritchie county court: John Duty, three, for selling cigars to minors; Frank and William DeMoss, one each for injuring church property at the Low Gap church; Avery Thomas, Guy Thomas and "Ted" Mulvey, each a misdemeanor.

W. G. Wolfe, of Harrisville, has sold his stock of general merchandise to M. C. Clark, who will move it into the W. W. Lawrence building.

Mrs. Blanche Lattimer Headley, of Pittsburg, is a guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Lattimer, of Harrisville.

Mrs. W. E. Hill, of Harrisville, who has been spending part of the winter in Pittsburg a guest of her daughter, Mrs. J. W. Stemple, has returned home.

William Thomas, who purchased a lot on Water street last fall from Arthur Hickman, on which to build a residence, has sold the lot to Mrs. Alice McGinnis for \$600.

Mrs. Adolphus Hedge and son, Clyde, have returned home after a visit with H. K. Hildreth and family, of Harrisville.

William Montgomery, of Salem, who had been visiting his sister, Mrs. B. W. Peebles, at Harrisville, has returned to his home.

Cecil Wilson, of Clarksburg, who was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Asa Lowellyn, of Harrisville, has returned to Harrison county.

Noah Layfield, of Elm run, was a business visitor in Clarksburg this week.

Fred Foster, a well known Ritchie county oil field worker, has gone to Oklahoma, where he will work in the oil fields. He visited his brother, Charles, at Oblong, Ill., en route west.

John H. Mann, of the Imperial Oil and Gas Products Company, has returned from a business trip to Charleston.

Attorney F. O. Sutton, of Clarksburg, was a business visitor in Harrisville this week.

The Harrisville lodge of Owls will hold a banquet in the Woodmen hall Monday evening.

J. Ramsey, a prominent attorney of West Union, was attending court at Harrisville this week.

### NOTICE TO SHIPPERS

Traction Company express cars leave Clarksburg for Mt. Clare, Weston, Shinnston, Fairmont, Fairview, Farmington, Mannington and intermediate points daily except Sunday. Shipments for Mannington and intermediate points must be in station not later than 9:00 a. m. Fairview and intermediate points not later than 11:00 a. m., Weston and intermediate points, not later than 12:00 M. Quick service, reasonable rates, and are in handling make this an ideal line for shippers.  
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<b>H. C. Alexander Brokerage Company</b> Room 427 Fourth Floor.	<b>Marietta Torpedo Co.,</b> Room 430 Sixth Floor.
<b>D. D. Britt</b> Civil Engineer Room 223 Third Floor.	<b>Neff &amp; Lohm</b> Attorneys-at-Law Room 207 Second Floor.
<b>C. A. Butcher</b> Lumber Room 320 Third Floor.	<b>S. Newman</b> Ladies Tailor Rooms 541-542 Fifth Floor.
<b>Board of Education</b> Clarksburg Independent District Room 431 Fourth Floor.	<b>Frederick Ott</b> General Contractor Rooms 329 Third Floor.
<b>Clarksburg Telegram Co.</b> Printers and Publishers First Floor Main Street.	<b>Dr. R. L. Osborn</b> Room 203 Second Floor.
<b>The Commercial Publicity Service Co.</b> Room 640 Sixth Floor.	<b>Public Stenographer</b> Room 211 1-2 Second Floor.
<b>Citizen's Loan Co.</b> Room 423 Fourth Floor.	<b>Prudential Life Insurance Company</b> Room 430 Fourth Floor.
<b>R. G. Dunn &amp; Co.</b> Room 429 Fourth Floor.	<b>Dr. R. D. Rumbaugh</b> Dentist Rooms 312-313 Third Floor.
<b>Fairmont Coal Co.</b> Room 533 Fifth Floor.	<b>Richards Construction Co.</b> Contractors Rooms 640-642-646 Sixth Floor.
<b>G. W. Gall, Jr.</b> Room 426 Fourth Floor.	<b>Lewis M. Sutton</b> Special Agent National Life Ins. Co. Mexicanine Floor.
<b>Home Loan Co.</b> Room 643 Sixth Floor.	<b>Sperry &amp; Sperry</b> Attorneys-at-Law Rooms 203-4 Second Floor.
<b>Hope Natural Gas Co.</b> Rooms 734 to 761 Seventh Floor.	<b>W. H. Taylor</b> Lawyer Room 432 Fourth Floor.
<b>Holmboe &amp; Lafferty</b> Architects Rooms 611-3 1-2 Sixth Floor.	<b>A. K. Thorn &amp; Co.</b> Fire and Life Insurance Room 438 Fourth Floor.
<b>Henderson Bros. Lumber Company</b> Room 644 Sixth Floor.	<b>United Brokerage Co.</b> Room 317 Third Floor.
<b>Dr. E. A. Hill</b> Physician Rooms 201-203 Second Floor.	<b>Olandus West</b> Coal, Oil and Gas Room 318 Third Floor.
<b>C. P. Keely &amp; Co.</b> Room 645 Sixth Floor.	<b>Dr. J. E. Wilson</b> Physician Room 211 1/2 Second Floor.
<b>Dr. F. S. Linger</b> Dentist Rooms 313-315 Third Floor.	<b>R. R. Wilson</b> Attorney-at-Law Room 225 Second Floor.

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